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THE OUTLOOK.

Count von Waldsee, the successor of von Moltke, is tired and wants to breathe for a while the air of the mountains. It is a little significant, however, that he should pick out Switzerland for his place of recreation, considering the relations at present existing between that republic and Germany, and the recent decision of the Federal Council to arm her troops with repeating rifles at a cost of over \$3,000,000 in order to resist Germany's threatened encroachment upon her liberties. Waldsee may sniff the Swiss mountain air, but every movement, every glance of his eye, will be jealously watched.

The Sioux have submitted to the inevitable. One-half of their reservation (or a little over eleven million acres) will be sold to the government. They do not lose by the transaction. The lands to be put on the market are not occupied by them; the acreage remaining is more than sufficient for the 22,567 Indians which comprise the remnant of this once powerful tribe. Moreover, they will receive a good price for their land, which will be funded for their benefit. They will thus be helped for the time being in the purchase of agricultural implements and other things necessary for entering upon civilized life; and at the end of fifty years the fund will be used for "promoting education, civilization and self-support."

All along the proposed line of excavation of the Nicaragua Canal pioneer work has already begun. Camps have been formed at convenient places, and gangs of men, averaging about fifty each, under charge of an assistant engineer, have been detailed for running lines and levels, cutting timber and clearing the route. Some seven hundred men are now employed, but the number will be greatly increased when the work of excavation begins. Preparations are also going on for building the breakwater, erecting the stores, quarters and other necessary buildings, and constructing the railway. By winter it is expected that this preliminary work will be sufficiently advanced for the engineers to enter upon the work of construction.

Two home colonization schemes have been discussed in the newspapers the past week—one to gradually fill the 200,000 acres of practically abandoned farm land in Vermont with Swedish families; the other to import the Icelandic population into Alaska, to settle the fertile and heavily wooded region on the banks of the Yukon River. Undoubtedly Vermont needs new blood and new brains, and the Swedes are of a thrifty and sturdy stock; the prime difficulty appears to be to induce them to settle on exhausted land when so much virgin soil is open to them elsewhere. In the case of Alaska the proposed scheme seems hopeful. Iceland is bleak, contracted, rugged, isolated; the valley of the Yukon offers a climate fully as bracing as that of Iceland, but the summers are longer, the soil is richer, cereals can be raised, and there is room for development in many ways. The scheme seems to find favor with the Icelanders and also with Senator Platt, the chairman of the Senatorial committee on Territories.

Canada gets but meager returns from her attempt to attract immigration by lavish expenditure on facilities for transportation. She cannot hold those who come there to settle, nor can she keep even her own population. Between 1861 and 1881, over 500,000 foreigners arrived on her soil, but during the same period the foreign population actually decreased 100,000, our own country proving too strong a magnet for them to remain across the border. Even Canadians themselves have felt the attraction, and have migrated to us to the number of at least a million. Meantime the debt of the Dominion, incurred largely for building railways and canals, has increased more than one-half during the last ten years and more than 150 per cent. In the last twenty years, and has now reached the astounding sum of \$285,778,650—a crushing burden for a population of less than five millions. Of course if Canada could fill her provinces with colonists who came to stay, the problem would solve itself in the long run, but this constant depletion is, to say the least, discouraging.

The insurrection is spreading in Crete. The provoking cause turns out to be a political rather than a religious one. The island has a Government of its own, and the Liberals have come into power in a recent election. Naturally enough they demanded their share in the public offices, and the Governor, who is appointed by the Sultan, complied with their demand. This proved highly offensive to the Conservatives, who first tried to have the Governor removed, and not succeeding, brought forward a bill in the legislature to unseat the island with Greece. In this they were also defeated, and their last resort was rebellion. Several towns have been already seized, the authorities in many places are deposed, the Christian residents are leaving the island. The Sultan has called out troops to put down the insurrection and restore order, but his movements are so slow that Greece has appealed to the great powers to intervene.

declaring that otherwise she must herself take action to protect her subjects on the island from the Turks. What will result from this crisis no one can predict.

On his way to Bar Harbor, the President of the United States accepted the hospitalities of this city for twenty-four hours, and permitted a large company of citizens to grasp his hand. His reception was a cordial one, State and city officials uniting to do him honor. His rides through the streets and suburbs gave opportunity for vast crowds of people to show their interest in the nation's chief magistrate. At the Vendome, where he was hospitably entertained, and where he granted a reception to army, navy and federal officers, and also at Faneuil Hall, where all who felt inclined had the opportunity to pay their personal respects, he was made to feel that his hold upon the affection of the people of this city and State was strong and deep. It was understood that the distinguished guest was fatigued and would make no formal address, and out of respect to his wishes all the arrangements for his visit were characterized by as much simplicity as possible.

The policy of the Argentine Republic to people its lands from abroad, and to promote education as one method of fusing and uplifting the various races that are attracted to its shores, appears to be succeeding well. Not only are immigrants induced to choose the far south-land for their home by the offer of free passage thither; they know also that they will be cared for, on landing with their families, at the immigrants' hotel, and their expenses afterwards paid by steamer or railroad train to the colony or farm where employment has been secured for them. Such generous treatment is rewarded by a large influx. It is estimated that the government will expend this year about \$12,000,000 to "encourage immigration." That it "pays," at least in increased crops, is evident from the export statistics. Last year the country shipped 445,000 tons of corn; this year the amount exported will exceed 2,000,000 tons. Generous provision is made, too, for training the youth of this rapidly-increasing population. Sarmiento's influence is still felt in the public school system, which is modeled after New England ideas, and contains all the grades, from the elementary school to the university. Nearly eight millions of dollars were expended last year by the government for education.

REVIVAL LABORS IN LIBBY PRISON.

BY CHAPLAIN LOUIS N. SHADY.
(Late of the Fifth N. Y. Cavalry.)

THE arrival of a new batch of prisoners, or "fresh fish," in Libby was a great event. Old comrades rushed upon them to seize their hand and to hear the latest news. They were really the only means of correct information about the state of things along at least a section of our lines of battle. Consequently the poor fellows were besieged with questions, and nearly suffocated by the rush around them. Most of these "freshmen" stood this sort of "hazing" with plucky heroism, and were soon thereafter initiated into all the rights, privileges and mysteries of Libby life. In most cases the hours immediately following the excitement of introduction were attended with a

Gloom Indescribable.

I go back to my own experience. With my luckless comrades I entered on Saturday night after dark. Only two rooms were at that time occupied by prisoners, namely, the middle room of the west section, by Gen. Milroy's unfortunate, and the room just above them, immediately under the roof, by Col. Streight and his officers. As no access could be had with our forerunners until about noon the next day, the "hazing" with us did not take place. Weary and weak we were soon asleep on the hard, dirty floor. As light came struggling through the barred windows on Sunday morning, I felt gloomy enough. The feeling must have been somewhat akin to that of the old Irish woman whose possessions had been consumed by a conflagration, and who exclaimed, "Me crucifix, me scapular, me bades an' holy water be all burned up, an' I've nothin' left but the great God." Happy the man who could realize that the living God was yet his portion!

About 10 o'clock I managed to find a Testament; then, sitting down upon the vermin-covered floor with my back against the wretched wall, I tried to read. I was near one of the front windows overlooking Cary Street, as near as it was safe for anybody to sit or stand and not be fired at by the murderous guards. But I did not read a long time. My eyes were soon blinded. How much would I have given to have been alone, unobserved by any one save by Him who knows no sorrow that He cannot assuage! In order to hide what I feared might be considered by others a childish weakness, I dropped my face in my hands, and gave vent to my feelings in a flood of silent tears. Home, wife, child came up vividly before me. Just then I heard a score or more of infantile voices singing lustily,—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

It was not an illusion. In a small brick chapel just beyond the unoccupied corner lot, a Sunday-school was opening its morning session. The edifice fronted on Twentieth Street, but the basement door opened on the side opposite Libby. The familiar hymn never had seemed so true. The "happy land" was indeed far away. I now sing the hymn differently—I say, "Not far away." The weekly gatherings of that school afforded me more or less pleasure, and suggested peculiar trains of thought. Others were affected by it much in the same way.

It may easily be conjectured that the chaplains in Libby found a ready field for their

Evangelistic Labors, nor did they fail to improve their opportunity. As intimated in a previous letter, religious services were held every Sunday morning. Every evening for an hour there was held a "union" prayer-meeting, the chaplains taking turns in preaching on Sunday and in leading the evening devotions. The writer was accustomed to deliver a lecture every Wednesday evening after the other services, taking for his first topic in the series: "Paul and Silas in the Philippian Prison." The interest taken in all these services was specially encouraging. The best portraiture of these gatherings, written on the spot, may be found in one of the editorials of *The Libby Chronicle*, entitled "Lights and Shades in Libby." A series of articles under this title appeared in each number, and I quote from "No. 6":—

"Amid hopes and fears, sorrows and joys, amid scenes of strife and toil, the day wears away. We have 'skirmished,' cut bones, studied books, recited lessons, preached, and we trust, practiced, heard numberless and contradictory rumors about exchange, witnessed new arrivals of 'fresh fish,' swept our rooms, cooked and eaten our scanty allowances, formed new and lasting acquaintances, and the twilight at length, with its mellow haze, settles down around us and hides the weary day. Many a heart surcharged with burdens of sorrow and distress seeks something upon which to cast itself, and every one naturally cries out, 'Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.' It is the true hour of prayer, and Libby becomes a sanctuary of worship. It is now that the weightier thoughts which lay deepest during the day, rise to the surface and become ruling forces. It is now that the ruler passions hide themselves, or at least keep silent (so it is in the case of the true Christian), while the finer sentiments claim control. It is now that the better angels of our natures fold us in their wings. It is now that memory with her busy hands gathers the richest fruits of by-gone days. Now imagination paints the loveliest pictures of the friends we cherish, though far away."

"Under these circumstances most of the prisoners gladly welcome the call to evening prayers, to our vesper service. What a moral in the scene! Men who never met before, of every shade of creeds political and religious, seem moved by one common impulse, one commanding desire to worship God. We gather in a circle, a familiar hymn is sung, and we kneel in prayer. How appropriate to make these old walls echo with the strains of sacred song! It is well for us, too, that we can all join in an exercise which has often calmed the troubled heart; sent joy to the desolate; inspired the reformer in his noble work; nerved the warrior in his dangerous path, and crowned the dying Christian with victory. Humility is felt as sins and shortcomings are confessed. Hope spreads her wings, and moral vigor is imparted to faith, as precious promises are pleaded. Love abounds as Calvary comes in view. Patriotism burns brightly upon her altars as dear country becomes the burden of petition. Hearts glow with enthusiasm as the fervent prayer arises to 'Our Father,' for our release from this cruel confinement which is daily becoming more and more oppressive. The well-known

Doxology is sung, or the oft-repeated prayer of childhood, 'And now I lay me down to sleep,' rendered to the tune of Hebron, and the worshippers disperse with 'strength renewed' and 'joys divinely sweetened.' What a privilege to witness in such a place a work of true reformation!"

The influence especially of our evening meetings cannot be overestimated. The exercises were simple and intensely spiritual. There were many besides the chaplains who took an active part in them. Col. Nichols was never absent nor silent. His testimony was always to the point, and exceedingly felicitous. One evening a memorable incident occurred in the meeting. The Rebel guards around the prison were crying out as was their wont every half-hour throughout the night, "Post No. 1, all's well; Post No. 2, all's well," etc. Whereupon the writer arose and said, "Brethren, we hear the sentinels crying out, 'All's well.' Are we able to do the same? Each one of us represents a post of responsibility, a spiritual bastion, where we are commanded of God to stand guard as watch and ward. Can we, throughout our entire line, conscientiously take up the cry, 'Post No. 1, all's well?' Brother and comrade, is it well with thy soul?" This sally had a good effect upon the meeting, and is often referred to in subsequent gatherings.

It may have been in the same meeting when one arose and feelingly testified as follows: "I thank God that I have been brought to this wretched prison! Before that time I was a prodigal far from my Father's house. In the midst of this destitution and misery, this starvation and death, I have come to myself, been made contrite and have confessed my sins to my Heavenly Father. He has graciously received me and has even made a feast for my soul."

Quite a number were able to give similar accounts of their conversion. In many respects these meetings were the most interesting feature of our prison life. Many of us learned to sing with a new and blissful understanding the following stanza:—

"While blest with a sense of His love
A palace a joy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there."

I close my letter with the following touching scenes: Chaplain McCabe and I had become very intimate. We were the two youngest chaplains in Libby. McCabe undertook to make a miniature cross with a piece of beef-bone. But on account of weakness resulting from a typhoid fever which subsequently sent him to the hospital, or for lack of proper instruments, or, as he confessed to me, through want of skill for such work, he brought the unfinished cross to me for completion. The work done, I carried it to him. I

found him lying on a hard board cot, very weak and feverish. As I presented him the cross, he caught it with nervous avidity and pressed it to his lips, while tears flowed freely from our eyes. I stood before him for a few moments in mute grief, and then offered such spiritual comfort as I could under the circumstances.

About this time he was removed to the hospital in the middle room of the east section, where, a few days later, I visited him. Here was a scene to try the stoutest heart. He was lying on a filthy cot, his body covered with rampant vermin! On raising a lock of his hair—which had not been trimmed for many days—I beheld a sickening sight such as my eyes never saw before or since. It beggars all description. I forbear. I secured a promise for the removal of his hair. Since the war we have often spoken of the walking brooch which, on that occasion, I saw upon his manly breast. He was asleep at the time and I did not wake him. He recounts, in his lecture on "The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison," that when he awoke a strange power came to his moral sensibilities, and that he resolved, by the grace of God, not to die in Libby. From that very moment he began to amend.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

BY REV. CHARLES M. WELDEN.

THE ministry of Mr. Edwards at Northampton was marked by two notable events—a great revival of religion, and the controversy with the parish ending in his dismissal. The labors of his predecessor had been blessed with several seasons of refreshing, but at the time of Mr. Stoddard's death religion and morality were at a very low ebb. Family worship and discipline were neglected. Sabbath profanation, intemperance, licentiousness, and other corrupt practices prevailed. As Paul's soul was stirred at the idolatry of Athens, so was Edwards' moved at the sins of his townspeople. He boldly assailed the popular vices. He followed sin to its hiding-places, tore away the refuges of law, and upon its unprotected head he hurled the awful denunciations of Jehovah. Savonarola was no more faithful and fearless at Florence than was Edwards here.

The effect of his words soon became apparent. Public morals improved, and in 1734

A mighty and far-reaching Word of Grace began, and for months prevailed both in the town and throughout the surrounding territory. More than 300 joined the church. In 1741 another quickening was experienced. The moral atmosphere of the place was changed. There was less vice than for the sixty years preceding. The news of this great work reached Great Britain and Scotland. In answer to many inquiries from there he wrote a history of the movement, also giving an account of some surprising conversions.

Two causes conspired to bring about the disastrous rupture of the pastoral relation of Mr. Edwards and the church. Information came to him that some of the young people were engaged in reprehensible practices. He proposed an inquiry, but though this at first met with favor, it was, for certain reasons, afterwards rejected, and, furthermore, it created a fierce opposition. This slumbered for a time, but was fanned into a flame, and fuel added, by the pastor's attempt to modify it conditions of church membership.

In order to understand the reason of this final and irreconcilable difference, a word of explanation is necessary.

Mr. Stoddard held and advocated with great zeal peculiar views respecting the communion and the conditions of admission thereto. He claimed that it is a converting ordinance, and that any person whose life was not scandalous and who gave intellectual assent to the creed had a right to church membership and all its privileges. The reason of this peculiar view is said to have been his own personal experience.

Sometime after the beginning of his ministry his wife became convinced that, although of blameless life, he knew nothing of experimental religion. With some other pious women she began to pray for his conversion. This coming to his knowledge, he gave the matter much thought. One communion Sunday, while administering his holy office, the power of God came upon him, giving him clearer and truer views than ever before of the work of Christ. This experience led him to believe that the Lord's table was the place above all others where truth and life would be revealed to the soul, and that, on this account, unconverted persons should have the right to partake of communion. These views he published and defended with great earnestness. Not only the church at Northampton but others accepted them, and all the more readily because it widened the entrance to the strait way which leads to life. The churches thus became filled with unregenerate members.

Such was the condition of affairs when Mr. Edwards entered upon his duties. For several years he held his peace until, by careful and devout study of the Bible, he was convinced that only those possessed of a genuine Christian life should be permitted to join the church.

When his decision was made known a great tumult arose. The whole town was in a ferment. His course condemned a large part of the church members. They

Demanding His Immediate Dismissal, and rested not until he was driven from his pastorate and from the town. His persecutors manifested the most bitter and vindictive spirit. Their rage was unreasoning. They would not hear his defense, and when it was published they would not read it.

In bright contrast with the spirit of the people shone the pure and Christlike conduct of Mr. Edwards. His letters and farrow sermon written at this time breathe the very

spirit of the Master. His patience and meekness were quailed only by his sublime fortitude and courage. Not an unkind expression dropped from his lips during this great trial.

In these days of short pastorates it is hard to realize the hardship involved in such a severance of the pastoral relation. Then ministers were settled usually for life. They expected to live and die with their people. For nearly a quarter of a century Mr. Edwards had served this parish, and now, with little or no income except his salary, he was ejected from his living with a large family dependent upon him. If it had not been for kind friends, their suffering must have been much greater. As it was, they were reduced to great straits. His daughters eked out the scanty income by making fancy-work.

The remaining years of his life were spent at Stockbridge, as pastor of the church and missionary to the Indians. Here he wrote his most elaborate works. He was called from his virtual exile to the presidency of Princeton College, where he died in 1788, a few weeks after his assumption of the duties of the office.

Jonathan Edwards will always stand as one of the ablest expounders of modern Calvinism. In his youth his instincts revolted against the doctrine, but after prolonged thought he accepted it with all that it implies. "God's absolute sovereignty and justice with respect to salvation and damnation is what my mind seems to rest assured of as much as of anything that I see with my eyes." All the power of his acute and virile intellect was employed through life to reconcile his theology with reason. This is the burden of his voluminous writings.

His treatise on the Will is perhaps his best-known work. It is an attempt to reconcile freedom with Calvinism. The whole argument is built on a misapplication of the law of causation. From the truth that every effect must have a cause he reasons that the cause is itself only the effect of an antecedent cause. He seeks thus to reduce to absurdity the doctrine of free volitions. He denies to man the power of self-determination, and affirms that in all cases the choice is decided by the strongest motive. He thus makes the occasion of choice the cause. But if there is anything of which consciousness assures us, it is that we freely choose between motives; that we determine our own line of conduct; and that, in any given case, we might have chosen otherwise. Any other view reduces man to an automaton, robs him of his responsibility, and in spite of verbal juggling and hair-splitting casuistry makes God the author of sin. His other works are not much read except by the learned and the curious. But his influence lives on in the denomination with which he was associated, and his plastic touch still molds the thought of the Whitefieldian Methodists.

In the town where most of his life was spent he is little more than a memory. Owing to his retiring habits he does not figure much in the folk-lore. A large church, the child of his former charge, bears his name. The present generation refer with pride to the fact that he once labored here. They point to the stranger the house where he lived, and the lofty elm, said to have been planted by his own hand, which throws its grateful shade over the lawn. A plain shaft erected in his honor stands in the cemetery, as if to make amends for the heartless treatment he received in life. Thus again do the sons build sepulchres for the prophet whom the fathers persecuted.

But Edwards has left a monument more enduring than granite, in the lives of the people who are what they are, in no small degree, because of his labors. The descendants of these old families cannot overestimate their debt to this learned, faithful, and courageous man of God.

Northampton, Mass.

JUST THE BOY WANTED FOR THE MINISTRY.

THE minister must, first of all, be a manly man.

The old notion of a feeble student, emaciated cheeks, pale face, thin visage, weak muscles, hollow chest, is happily antiquated. No profession stands more in need of good physique than the ministerial profession. No profession makes a greater drain on the vital energies; none, therefore, needs a better reservoir on which to draw. The great preachers, those at least of modern times, have been most of them, of notable physical quality. Spurgeon, John Hall, Phillips Brooks, Bishop Simpson, all may serve as illustrations. And that is not all. The drain on the sympathies, and therefore, on the nerves of the pastor, equals the drain on the sympathy and the nerves of the preacher. The model minister must be a good eater, a good exerciser, a good sleeper. He need not be an athlete; but he must have good digestion, good lungs, pure blood, a well-fed and perpetually-furnished brain. Boyhood is the time to lay the foundation for such a physique. My first counsel to the boy who wants to be a minister is to live much in the open air, to play well, to compete with his fellows in all athletic sports, to strive for mastery in the race, the ball game, the tennis court, to eschew candies, sweetmeats, fancy dishes, to keep his stomach under control of his reason, to broaden his chest and strengthen his muscles, to go to bed early, sleep soundly, rise betimes.

2. The successful minister must be a man among men. He is not a monk. He cannot work out systems of philosophy in a cell or a study, and achieve success by teaching those systems in the church. The pulpit is not a professor's chair, the church is not a lecture-room. The preacher is more than philosopher. Religion is not the same as theology. Dr. Dry-as-dust, with all his learning, will never make a successful preacher, because he does not understand human nature.

Christ is the model for the preacher. Christ

mingled with men, understood them, sympathized with them. It is said of him that he knew what was in men. We cannot find out what is in men by simply looking in books.

My second advice, therefore, to the boy who wants to be a minister is, that he should be a boy among boys, that he should mingle with his school-fellows and playmates, that he should make it his business to understand what they are thinking about, and sympathize with them in their thoughts, that he should not allow himself to be separated from them because he does not like them, nor even because they are not worthy of his liking.

The way to be a friend of publicans and sinners in manhood, is to learn how to be the friend of publicans and sinners in boyhood, without losing one's purity, honor, integrity. The boy who has influence with boys, will come to be the man who has influence with men. The way to learn how to influence great congregations for righteousness is to learn how to influence single boys to do right.

He whose piety separates him from his fellow-men is a Pharisee, not a Christian; and the Pharisee is the one person who is farthest off from being a Christian.

3. The work of the minister is to make bad men good, and good men better. The instrument of the minister is the Bible. The kind of boy to make a successful minister is a boy, who, to his knowledge of other boys, adds an acquaintance with and fondness for the Bible, Bible truth, and books that give light about the Bible. By and by will come the time for studying theology—that is, systems of truth; and criticism, that is, what scholars have found out about the Bible. But now is a good time to become familiar with the Bible itself.

Read the Bible all through once. That is not the best way to study the Bible, but it is a good way to prepare for studying it by and by. Commit some parts of the Bible to memory; single verses, perhaps some single Psalms. Read and re-read the Bible stories.

Try to imagine as you read the event: Joseph in his pit, or in his dungeon, or his experience when transferred suddenly from the dungeon to the palace; Elijah standing all alone for God and God's truth, against the king and the priests of Baal, and coming out conqueror by his faith in God; David lying on the hillside in Judea and singing softly to himself as a shepherd boy, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want"; Paul, on the deck of the shipwrecked vessel, giving courage to the frightened crew and soldiers, and so preparing them to save themselves when the ship goes to pieces.

Try to form a picture of these scenes as you read the stories, so as to make them real to you. The pictures will come back to you by and by. Or, as you read other passages, think what they ought to mean to you in your daily life, and what influence they should have on that life.

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God,"—how can you be a peacemaker and win that title? Now is the time to begin preaching—to yourself for a congregation. No man can preach successfully to others, unless he has first learned how to preach to himself.

4. The successful minister must have convictions, and the courage of his convictions. He is not a retailer of opinions which other people have manufactured, and which he takes ready-made. "We believe, therefore do we speak," says Saint Paul.

Every preacher must believe what he believes, must know what he knows, and must speak out of this positive personal conviction. He may believe just what his father did, but he must not believe it merely because his father did. He must have made the faith his own. The boy that is to be a successful minister must learn to think for himself. He must be a voice, not an echo. He must cultivate the habit of forming his own opinions, reaching his own conclusions, and acting upon them.

I do not mean that he must disregard the opinions of others, or condemn their advice; I do mean that he must develop the power of using their opinions and taking their advice only as material for the forming of his own opinions, and the determining of his own actions. He must not be blown about by "every wind of doctrine"; he must be a bird with strong wings that can brace the wind, not thistle-down to be wafted by it whither-soever it blows.

Having convictions, he must have the courage of them. There is no profession which more demands bravery than the ministerial profession, and I believe there is no profession in which true courage is more common.

A coward is pretty useless anywhere; still a man need not be very brave to be one of a multitude following a leader. But the minister is to be a leader. More than statesman, or lawyer, or editor—the preacher is a leader of the people. The editor reflects opinions; the preacher creates them. He stands alone in his pulpit, facing his congregation. If he dares not oppose popular prejudices and condemn popular faults, and brave alone the popular current if it is flowing in the wrong direction, he has no place in the pulpit. The preacher must be a Luther, not an Erasmus.

The kind of boy to be a minister must be a boy with convictions of his own, and courage to avow them.

5. Need I say two other things? It can hardly be necessary. The kind of boy to be a minister must be a praying boy, a boy who loves God, a boy who has real communion with God, a boy who has cultivated, or is cultivating, the power to hear the voice of God when it speaks in his own soul.

And he must be a boy free from cant; that is, the false pretense of piety, free from any form of affectation, absolutely sincere, absolutely genuine, seeing God because he is pure in heart, and wanting to preach because he wants that other people shall see God, too, and love and serve him.

No intellectual abilities, no scholarship, no skill in oratory or elocution, will take the place of these qualities, or make a successful preacher, if these qualities are wanting. On the other hand, he who has them will not fail of a useful and blessed life in his chosen profession; for there is no life more useful, and none more full of joyfulness, than the life devoted to telling men of the law and the love of God. And the boy who has a good, hearty fellowship with other boys, a love for the Bible and Bible truth, his own convictions, and courage to avow them, and faith in and love for God, is a kind of boy who is sure to make in some field, large or little, a good minister.—REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D., in the Companion.

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ful, in the form of
P. Frost, recently
now the pastor of
brooklyn. He is back
vacation purposes,
her good men have
the church to better
; but no true-heart-
ers have either con-
rothers above named.

ERENCE.
anguid deem themselves
having R. N. T. Kewly
and his newly-acquired
nce for good fell through-
e are entertained that
prosperous years for the
has most successful of his
good, notwithstanding the
vision, and the drain
upon the young people of

under the discreet and ag-
v. S. F. Weinberger. We
v. S. F. Weinberger. We
v. S. F. Weinberger. We

ad are still appreciating
of Bro. F. A. Bragdon.
been converted, two have
Sunday-schools are four-
ones are good. The pre-
ing, last Sunday, of his
be school at K. and found
and wisely conducted by
e assembly pleasurable to
delight.

Purpose are both sharing
ations which generally at-
visitors. Both of these
commodations and enjoy-
rest and recreation. The
ing for war or ride amid
spiriting; the sea, in in-
the sailing, and testing the
lithar. Bro. Grover has
young people of late to the church,
young people are missing
the general spiritual interest
J. M. Caldwell, of Chic-
after at the Port. His sup-
last Sabbath.

THE GARDEN'S STORY. By George H. El-
wanger. New York: D. Appleton & Com-
pany.
Such books as these are multiplying, and
a good sign, because it indicates a growing
of nature, which can result in nothing
better than a larger and broader faith. These
are studies made in a garden by a scientific
gardener, if we may so denominate Mr. El-
wanger without offense, and an earnest lover
of nature for her own sake. The papers read
interestingly and smoothly. We are glad to
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he is not afraid to express his preferences for
certain plants and flowers; but we cannot
agree with him. His taste may not be ours
altogether, that's all. When he says, "I think a
hill pasture, the most picturesque of trees,"
we are inclined to dissent with a smile. To
lovers of a garden, and who wish to make it
as beautiful as possible, we recommend these
brief, breezy pages of Mr. Elwanger, con-
fident that in them will be found much to in-
terest and much to improve.

the tests by regularly appointed and scrupu-
lously attended to, as also the morning prayer-
meeting in the church. Let much time be
spent in secret prayer before God, and the gift
and power of the Holy Spirit claimed as the
promise of a faithful God and the heritage of
the Church. Let everything tending to divert
the mind from the great object of the meeting
be conscientiously avoided; and, lastly, let all
the preachers come prepared to preach, and
yet be willing not to preach if they feel that
instability is deemed best; and let the
preaching be upon themes calculated to
awaken concern in the hearts of sinners, back-
sliders, and members of danger and respon-
sibility—such as repentance, judgment to
come, and kindred themes, as well as upon
that holiness without which no man shall see
the Lord.

Brothers, suffer the word of exhortation!
Come one and all! W. S. JONES.

Our Book Table.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE JESUITS. By Paul
Bert. Boston, Mass.: B. F. B. & Co.
Company.

We wish we had the space to quote volu-
minously from this book, and yet, if we began,
we should not stop short of the whole volume,
for almost every page discloses what is most
stunning and immoral. We commend this book
to be read by every Protestant American
who may be lukewarm in his hatred of Jesuit-
ism, or, equally to all fair-minded men
everywhere, even to Roman Catholics them-
selves, who in many cases do not know the
hideous and abominable belief and practices of
the Jesuitical order. Now this book is not an
ex parte statement of Protestant bigots and
partisans, but the work of a Jesuit himself,
which Paul Bert, in the interests of public edu-
cation and public morality in France, trans-
lated. If these are the principles of the society,
then the sooner the iron heel of merciful
power stamps it out, the better it will be for
our country. Other countries have done it,
for their own national preservation and wel-
fare, and shall we hesitate or fear? Let us
not trust too confidently in our greatness, or
chuckle too carelessly over our strength.

ONE YEAR COURSE IN GERMAN. By Oscar
Faulhaber, Ph. D. Boston: D. C. Heath &
Company.

A trim little volume that meets its aim. It
is divided into three parts, each of which is
full and yet compact, for its purpose: First,
grammar proper; second, reading exercises;
third, vocabulary. The reading exercises are
short and simple, as they should be in such a
book, though they often are not.

SERMONS OF PROMISE. Sermons Preached in
Plymouth Church, 1887-9. By Lyman B. Al-
bright, D. D. Price, \$1.50. Forcs, Howard &
Hubert.

These eighteen sermons are selected from
those delivered during the two years mentioned
in the title, and represent probably the gen-
eral spirit and tendency of Dr. Abbott's
thought. We commend this volume to those
who admire the able editor of the Christian-
ian, and the successor of the late Henry
Ward Beecher as pastor of Plymouth Church.

HOW THEY KEPT THEIR FAITH. By Grace
Raymond. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.,
New York.

Truth is mighty, and out of the
ashes of suffering rises ever strong and bright.
This is the moral of this story. The fugitives
of Languedoc are the sufferers, and the truth
of Protestantism the particular truth in ques-
tion. Theology and dogmatism are not to be
found in this story, but rather the truth em-
bodied in heroes and heroines. The hero is
that of a martyr's past. He practices the
forbidden profession of medicine in the
midst of persecution. The end is peace.

THE DOUBLE NATURE OF THE KINGDOM OF
CHRIST. OF PROPERTY APPLIED TO THE AMER-
ICAN GOVERNMENT AS THE RESTORED ISRAEL. By
Isaac H. Curtis. Chicago: Published by
the Author.

We take up some books quickly to lay them
down more quickly. This is one of them.
The author's sincerity we will not question,
but when we find these words, "we feel justified
in laying the book aside," "The Saviour,
under these figures, is telling us how it shall
be when the Son of Man is revealed. The
two women that were grinding together repre-
sent two churches, the Methodist Episcopal
and the Southern Methodist Episcopal; in
doctrine the same, but divided on the slavery
question."

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE. Fifth Series. Vol-
ume LXVI. Boston: Little & Co.
This is one of the bound volumes of this
excellent magazine, extending over April,
May and June of the current year. It con-
tains the *crime de la crime* of the great
novelists, reviews, etc., and is a library
in itself. Of course its literary flavor is very
rich and fragrant, and the scope of its view
is very wide. This volume is, perhaps, better
than any that preceded it.

THE MAN OF GALILEE. By Arthur G. Hays
New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price,
50 cents.

The questions asked and answered in this
volume are of the first importance, and Dr.
Hays has answered them to such a man-
ner as to win for himself, if he had not won
it before, the reputation for sharp thought,
simple style and skillful analysis. The attacks
that are made upon Christianity, it seems to
us, fall far short of victory when there is such
a presentation of the truth as is made in this
volume. Nay, infidelity only accomplishes
what is hardly worth the attempt, the delay of
the complete and triumphant overthrow of
Christ, and the widest possible diffusion of
the religion which He founded. Such books as
this, by their very simplicity and by their
very sensible insight into the vital and essen-
tial matters connected with Christianity, do
more good, if read, than the voluminous tomes
that to-day more than ever, are falling far
from the press. Infidelity in the face of what
is contained in these one hundred and fifty
pages, has not the narrowest margin of sincer-
ity and reason left for its attack upon Christ
or His religion, albeit it has a defensible posi-
tion to occupy in its attack upon the human
theologies and man-made creeds. This is the
broad fact and we believe that infidelity recog-
nizes it, but will not acknowledge it. The
doubting Christian cannot spend eighty cents
better than to purchase and study the thoughts
advanced in this volume.

THE GARDEN'S STORY. By George H. El-
wanger. New York: D. Appleton & Com-
pany.
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terest and much to improve.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH AND WEST. By
Charles Dudley Warner. New York:
Harper & Brothers.
With one exception, these brilliant and in-
formative papers were originally printed in
Harper's Monthly. Then, as they will doubt-
less be in this book, they were read by a wide
constituency. Mr. Warner's pen is delicately
pointed, and to the most material facts he
gives a fresh color and glow that makes such
observations as these extremely pleasant and
profitable reading. He regards our country
both as a whole, and in its separate state and
city parts, with an optimism which, if it was
not sustained by facts which he gives, would
seem to some gloomy individuals as a little
over-drawn. He found in the South the negro
problem the most perplexing; and yet he be-
lieves that the better class of Southern whites—
and this class is the most influential and the
only white class to be taken into consideration
in dealing with this problem—are disposed to
deal justly and honorably with the negro.
Mr. Warner finds but little, if any, bitterness
still clinging to the South because of the war
or its results. His description of a visit to
the "Acadian Land" is as he found the land
itself, idyllic and rosy. To one who wishes
to know about our country of to-day and to
see, in a few graphic pictures, its wonderful
ness, we can recommend these studies. They
will add to the reputation of the genial author
of "Back Log Studies," and create a desire
for some more travel jottings from his inter-
esting pen.

THE MISSIONARY YEAR-BOOK FOR 1889-90.
Fleming H. Revell: New York.
This volume is in part, with additions and
alterations, a re-issue of the *Handbook of For-
eign Missions*. Of it we can say that its pages
indicate a vast amount of work and a vast
amount of information. It gives correct and
reliable information about every missionary
society—the world, with its past and present
work. And one can be impressed with the
enormous machinery of missions and the
great amount of work which through them
is being done for the heathen. Of the hundreds
of missionary societies that are at work, the
world over, there are none that do not de-
serve the earnest and hearty support of the
church, and there are none that could be dis-
pensable, if the world is to be brought to
Christ. Indeed, perhaps some new ones might
be created, and no harm come save to the
works of evil. We learn from this vol-
ume that the population of the world is
1,470,000,000. Of this vast aggregate of human
souls 135,000,000 are Protestants, 85,000,000
Greeks, etc., 195,000,000 Roman Catholics,
173,000,000 Mohammedans, and 874,000,000
heathen. The Jews are small in number.
Surely there is work for the missionary arm
of the church, and God will bless her if she
lays it bare and toils to save.

UP AND DOWN THE BROOKS. By Mary E.
Bamford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin &
Company.
This small volume is filled with matters of
interest to children who love nature, and what
child does not? We imagine that so interest-
ing a book must have found its way to the
hands of many a child. The children of
Alameda County, California, the children
would be delighted to read, or have read to
them, this book as the Arabian Nights or Rob-
inson Crusoe. We think we do not overstate
the simplicity of the fascination that young
people would find in these pages. What she
tells about isn't fiction about wonderful lands
or unfortunate sailors, but truth about the
little bits of life that warm in the books, and
have habits of life that to the child must be
interesting. We have not submitted the book
to any critical test, but if we should, we no
doubt should be corroborated, nearly, in our
opinion.

PROHIBITION: THE PRINCIPLE, THE POLICY
AND THE PRACTICE. By E. J. Wacker. New
York: John R. Anderson. Price, 50 cents.
The spirit of this calm and dispassionate
volume is to look at the question of pro-
hibition simply as a matter of public policy.
With personal tastes and opinions upon the
subject, as they bear upon the public
weal or woe, the author, who was the late
editor of *The Voice*, has nothing to do. The
editorial of the policy of prohibition as a prin-
ciple of statesmanship. Part I notes the
effects of prohibitory enactments in different
States; Part II is a presentation of the
reasons for and against a separate political
party. The author believes in a new party
with prohibition as its chief principle, and he
sustains the position with candor and ability.
There is no offensive personality in the book,
but a clear, cool, succinct and exhaustive ex-
amination of the great question. That he has
made out a strong case, especially at the
first two parts, will be readily conceded.
He walks, not jumps, to his conclusion.

A GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF NINETEENTH
CENTURY AUTHORS. By Louise Manning
Houghton. Published by D. C. Heath &
Co., Boston.

First of all, we would call attention to the
unique and tasty binding, and recommend
the publishers to use it again. The authors
embraced between its brown covers should be
proud, but not vain, of their setting. The
idea of the book itself is to give all really
necessary information about these authors,
and where needed, to select for the reader
what is best for him to read. Blank pages
for notes are bound in the volume, to write
down any books of reference which the author
did not have at hand or were overlooked.
The volume is intended chiefly for the use of
literary classes in the academy or college;
but to literary clubs it will be almost a
sine qua non.

THE HUMAN MORAL PROBLEM. By R. R.
Conn. New York: A. C. Armstrong &
Son.
Mr. Conn is a layman and has here entered
into an examination for himself of "some
of the dark points connected with the human
necessities for a supernatural Saviour." He
is clear, strong, and able in his examination
the principles and positions he occupies, but
his logic is not always of the best, and his
views in some cases are novel and entertain-
ing, if not altogether tenable. This so-called
treatment of the matters at issue is however to
be commended for its independence, its sincer-
ity, its conservative spirit. We can agree
with much in this bright book.

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.
The *Cosmopolitan* grows in interest. The
August number has the following very read-
able papers: "Social Life at Ottawa," "The
Caged Tigers of Santa Rosa," "The Children
of Arachne," "What Shall Children Read?"
"A Trip to Dalecarlia," "The Dignity,
Rights, and Responsibility of Labor," "An
American Soldier in China," "A Bour-
geoisie Wedding in South France," "Gail Ham-
ilton concludes her serial," "The Murder of
Philip Spencer," and the Chinese novel, "Wa
Chih Tien," is continued. The special paper
of the number is "The Great Agitation," by
Frederick Douglass. In the *Field Papers*, by
Edward King. The whole number is ex-
cellent, and is abundantly and finely illus-
trated. Edited by John Bruden Walker.

The historical menu (for it is food) of the
Magazine of American History is served for
August, as follows: "The Career of a Bench-
man," "The Philippine Patent in the
Highlands," "The Earliest American Peo-
ple," "England's Struggle with the American
Colonies," "The Founding of Post Vin-

cent," "The Last Twelve Days of Major
André" (conclusion), and a "Tribute to
Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes." The dessert is
rich and nutritious. The price is only 50
cents. The *Magazine of American History*:
743 Broadway, New York.

In the *Overland Monthly* Dan De Quille
writes about "The Stone Elephant of Inyo,"
F. B. Evans, of "Columbian Presidents,"
and John Vance Cheney of "The Old Nation
of Poetry." "Time O' Day" is a pleasant
sketch by W. S. Hutchinson, and A. G. Tassin
presents some most interesting "Reminiscences
of Indian Scrivener." "Guerret" is a short
story by Adeline E. Knapp. R. G. Sneath
tells about "Wine, Brandy and Olive Oil." Flora
Haines Longhead gives of "A Soldier Under
Garibaldi," "Hunting the Bison" is a
picturesque presentation by Dugmar Mar-
ker. The serial, "The Cabin by the Live
Oak" is continued. The poetry is by S. W.
Kiddridge, Wilbur Lawrence and Francis
Sheldon. The *Overland Monthly* Company:
San Francisco, 420 Montgomery St.

The *Century* for August spreads a table of
delicate and tempting viands. The opening
article, "A Stream of Pleasure," is a fasci-
nating description of boat life on the
Thames, accompanied with a multitude of
pictures. "The Poison of Serpents" gives
many interesting items on a rather dreadful
topic. The reptiles depicted are instinct with
life. "The Bible in Tenpenny" is a very
novel article, ably treated. It will come some-
what as a surprise even to familiar readers of
the grand old poet. Kennan's article on
Siberia is of painful interest. The various
illustrated articles on Western life are timely
and attractive. In the "Life of Lincoln" the
authors give with great care and fullness
Lincoln's attitude and experience with the
churches. These pages are of rare interest,
and show the martyr's conversion of his friends,
very creditable light. It will certainly be
pleasant reading for Methodists. In the
articles on "Wood Engraving" the artists
handle pen and pencil with equal skill, and
give many spirited engravings. The astro-
nomical article, by Prof. Todd, of Amherst,
is unique and interesting, the short stories are
good, and there is a goodly array of genuine
poetry.

Obituaries.

(Obituaries are heretofore to be restricted to the
space of 300 words in the case of preachers to 400
words. Notices that exceed this limit, will be re-
turned to their writers for revision.)

Drake. — Mrs. Betsy Drake, wife of
Hiram Drake, died of organic heart disease
May 25, 1889, aged 67 years.

She was born in New Britain, Conn., N. H., but
after her marriage in 1845, resided, with the
exception of less than two years, in Plymouth.
Her type of piety was thoughtful but un-
demonstrative, and those most intimately as-
sociated with her can best appreciate the strong
influence of her quiet consecrated life. She was
a home keeper, untiringly devoted to the
interests of those about her. The impression
of the parental training we received is thus
expressed by one of the daughters: "The
memory of her faithful motherhood will be the
best inspiration and aid in my life."

My faith in God and the essentials of
the Christian religion as I learned them from
my infancy up, are unshaken."
In the winter, when she felt her strength
gradually failing, she said but little about it,
only she made every possible preparation for
the change soon to come to the home. The
last few weeks of her life were characterized
by intense suffering, but she bore it with the
utmost fortitude and resignation. The second
day before her death she made every provision
for her departure from us, giving us her final
consent, and affectionately commending us to
the tender care and comfort of our Saviour.
She lingered another day, but most of the
time in an unconscious state; then, in the early
morning the angel called her and she went
quietly and peacefully away. We laid away
her precious body among the evergreen, there
to rest till another angel shall call us all to
a reunion in the resurrection day.

Case. — Sister Eliza (Dinsmore) Case was
born in Pembroke, Me., and died in Kewville,
Mass., May 10, 1889, aged 77 years, 5 months.
She was converted at the age of twenty, at
Ludlow, Me., under the labors of W. M. Mason
Hall, and immediately united with the Meth-
odist Episcopal church. In 1833 she was mar-
ried to Joseph Case. Six children were born
to them, only two of whom, a son and a daughter,
survive her. Her husband with a few
children died previous to 1861. In 1849
the family moved to Bangor, and united with
the Union Street Church. She joined the
Hyde Park, Mass., church in October, 1874,
during the pastorate of Rev. G. W. Mansfield.
Although unable to attend church often, she
retained a lively interest in its prosperity, and
was a constant and faithful worker in the
church. Her husband and she were the friends
of those who were in active service. She
greatly enjoyed the prayer and class meetings
held at the home of her daughter, in whose
loving care she passed her closing days. For
more than sixteen months she was confined to
her room; and most of the time to her bed.
Toward the last, her sufferings were so great
that she longed to be at rest. Nervous
prostration was her trouble, and it finally ter-
minated in paralysis of the brain, when her
desires were granted, and she was forever
with the Lord. Her children are comforted,
knowing that her death is her gain. She was
buried at Hampton, Me., beside her husband,
one daughter and her father and mother. "She
has moved into the light."

Brierty. — Rev. James Brierty was born
in Bristol, York, England, Sept. 25, 1799,
and died in Willimantic, Conn., May 6,
1889.
The deceased comes from an ancient family
whose earliest authentic date is 1438. He was
twice married, first to Ann Haley, who died in
1840. Of this union there was a large family
of children, three of whom are still living. In
1841 he married Mary Webster, who survives
him. Of this second marriage there are three
children living. In 1848 Brierty came to
this country and worked at the wool trade,
living in New York, Massachusetts and Con-
necticut. For the past nine years he has re-
sided at Willimantic. His early manhood was
filled with the hard toils of an English local
preacher; he continued to preach in America,
and was ordained a local deacon by Bishop
Simpson at Providence, April 7, 1861, and a
local elder by Bishop Baker at Providence,
March 31, 1867. He had successful pastorates
at North Amherst and in Norwich and his
vicinity; for a short period he was in Ken-
necott, and for a longer period in Cecil
of late, age has disabled this father in Israel;
but almost to the very last he could, and
did, greatly aid his pastor. His last paper
to give up reading was Zion's HERALD,
for which he had subscribed forty years.
The characteristics of this man were marked.
He had a beautiful thoughtfulness for children
He had a simple dignity which that com-
manded respect. To his mind the church was
to be loved and revered as the bride of
Christ. So strong was his memory, he could
recall with ease sermons he had heard preach-
ed over sixty years ago by such men as Watson
Newton and Clarke—the immediate suc-
cessors of the Wesleys. His criticisms of these

great preachers were discriminating and in-
spiring. His clear mind was blessedly im-
bued with all the distinctive doctrines of Meth-
odism. His last public worship was at the
communion—a service prized above all others
by him. "We know that when He shall ap-
pear we shall be like Him," is the living and
expressed faith of this servant of Christ coming
to his grave "in a full age, like a shock of corn
cometh in his season."

C. W. HOLDEN.
Schofield. — Isaac Schofield was born in
Rochdale, Lancashire, Eng., Feb. 21, 1821,
and died at Forestville, Conn., June 15,
1889.

Brother Schofield was converted at the age
of sixteen, and having proved faithful to the
grace thus given, he was a devoted servant of
Christ for more than half a century. He was
a member of the church at Forestville about
twenty years. The pastor always found him a
prudent counselor, and one upon whom he
could always rely for help in social and revival
services. Like the apostolic Christians, he
had the confidence of the people. He took
Zion's HERALD for forty years, and so ad-
mired its radically humane sentiments, that
he had several years been in book form, and
all the copies were preserved since he became
a subscriber.

His children cherish his memory,
and are walking in the shining pathway.
When conscious that heart and flesh were
failing, he said, "I have a good foundation on
which to rest;" and his last words were: "I
am glad to get home."

C. W. LYON.
Fitz. — Cyrus Fitz came into this life in
Salisbury, N. H., Sept. 16, 1818, and after an
illness of only twelve days, terminating in
pneumonia, triumphantly entered in to the
heavenly mansions from Webster, N. H.,
April 17, 1889, having spent over fifty years of
his life in the service of the Mas.

For forty-seven years Brother Fitz has been
a faithful and honored member of the M. E.
Church at Webster, occupying the position of
recording steward for forty years or more. In
1843 he joined his fortunes with Elizabeth
Coner, a most estimable and worthy wife,
who lay then residing in Webster. During the
forty-six years of their wedded life, she has
been a loving help-mate and companion; and
remains to mourn her loss reconciled and sub-
missive to the will of God. Of the eight
children born to them, five (two sons and
three daughters) survive, all of whom are
members of the M. E. Church.

Brother Fitz was earnest and zealous in the
cause of Christ. The burden of his heart for
years has been for the conversion of his friends,
neighbors and townspeople. He loved the
church of his choice intensely, and considered
it no sacrifice to give his means, his time and
strength to advance its interests, and for the
glory of Him in whose footsteps he earnestly
and patiently walked. It was the good fortune
of the writer to sit by his bedside a short
time, a few days before his death, and listen
to his thrilling testimony, witnessing to the
fact that Jesus completely saved his soul. His
death was triumphant and peaceful. A loss
to the church and community; a gain to the
bosom of the redeemed.

Bailey. — Miss Eleanor Bird Bailey,
daughter of E. S. and A. H. Bailey, was born
in Fatten, Maine, Nov. 18, 1869, and died of
consumption, July 19, 1889.

Miss Bailey was amiable, conscientious,
dutiful, and commanded the respect and won
the affection of all who knew her. She was a
lady of promising usefulness. On May 4,
1888, she was graduated from the High School
where she had pursued a classical course.
She was possessed of a good literary taste, and
delighted in reading such books as were spe-
cially designed to benefit the mind and heart.

She was converted to God during the fall of
1888, and united with the Methodist Episcopal
Church. Her conversion was clear and
thorough. She was loyal to Christ, and in a
social meeting was ready to witness for Him.
She was patient, submissive, during all her
sickness, and triumphed in Jesus, whom she
so faithfully loved and trusted. Her experience,
even in the article of death, was
heavenly. A few hours previous to her death
she saw the heavenly host, whose company
she was soon to join. She said: "I am near
my heavenly home." When she was dying,
she said, as she pointed upward, "How
heavenly!" Peacefully, triumphantly, and
with a strong spirit, her mortal body was
laid to rest, to join the shining host,
and forever with the Lord. Farewell, dear
sister, our loss is thy infinite gain.

W. F. CAMPBELL.

Sargent. — Mrs. Fannie B. Sargent died
at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. H. A.
Barnham, in Madrid, Me., June 20, aged 67
years.

For many years Sister Sargent has been a
worthy member of the Phillips M. E. Church.
She was patient, submissive, during all her
sickness, and triumphed in Jesus, whom she
so faithfully loved and trusted. Her experience,
even in the article of death, was
heavenly. A few hours previous to her death
she saw the heavenly host, whose company
she was soon to join. She said: "I am near
my heavenly home." When she was dying,
she said, as she pointed upward, "How
heavenly!" Peacefully, triumphantly, and
with a strong spirit, her mortal body was
laid to rest, to join the shining host,
and forever with the Lord. Farewell, dear
sister, our loss is thy infinite gain.

W. T. WORTH.

Brierty. — Rev. James Brierty was born
in Bristol, York, England, Sept. 25, 1799,
and died in Willimantic, Conn., May 6,
1889.

The deceased comes from an ancient family
whose earliest authentic date is 1438. He was
twice married, first to Ann Haley, who died in
1840. Of this union there was a large family
of children, three of whom are still living. In
1841 he married Mary Webster, who survives
him. Of this second marriage there are three
children living. In 1848 Brierty came to
this country and worked at the wool trade,
living in New York, Massachusetts and Con-
necticut. For the past nine years he has re-
sided at Willimantic. His early manhood was
filled with the hard toils of an English local
preacher; he continued to preach in America,
and was ordained a local deacon by Bishop
Simpson at Providence, April 7, 1861, and a
local elder by Bishop Baker at Providence,
March 31, 1867. He had successful pastorates
at North Amherst and in Norwich and his
vicinity; for a short period he was in Ken-
necott, and for a longer period in Cecil
of late, age has disabled this father in Israel;
but almost to the very last he could, and
did, greatly aid his pastor. His last paper
to give up reading was Zion's HERALD,
for which he had subscribed forty years.
The characteristics of this man were marked.
He had a beautiful thoughtfulness for children
He had a simple dignity which that com-
manded respect. To his mind the church was
to be loved and revered as the bride of
Christ. So strong was his memory, he could
recall with ease sermons he had heard preach-
ed over sixty years ago by such men as Watson
Newton and Clarke—the immediate suc-
cessors of the Wesleys. His criticisms of these

**OCALDS
OPRAINS
BRUISES
BURNS
Cuts.**

For all of
these things there
is nothing equal to
PERRY DAVIS'
PAIN-KILLER
which is kept by every
druggist in the land.

"Thick and Glossy."

THE PRODUCTION of an abundant
growth of hair, of a silk-like texture
and of the original color, often results
from the use, by those who have become
bald or gray, of Ayer's Hair Vigor.

It was rapidly becoming gray and
bald; but after using two or three
bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair
grew thick and glossy and the original
color was restored."—M. Aldrich,
Canastota, N. Y.

"A trial of Ayer

The Family.

THE GUIDING HAND.

REV. ALFRED J. HUGHES.

The Hand that leads me every hour
Is gentle, but so filled with power,
So constant and all gracious aid,
Beneath the human weakness laid,
That failing feet securely stand,
Supported by the Guiding Hand.

No sorrow falls without a sign
Made by the Hand that holdeth mine.
Sins rise and set, moons wax and wane,
Things pass away and things remain,
Right strikes the flood and wrong the strand,
Obedient to the Guiding Hand.

It matters not what way I take,
O'er troubled sea or arid lake,
Through highways filled with dust and heat
Or quiet byways cool and sweet,
Up craggy steep, or burning sand—
I leave all to the Guiding Hand.

By this same Hand the stars are led,
All living creatures sheltered, fed;
The tides of thought and time and chance,
The endless years in their wide range,
Harmonious move, with purpose grand,
Obedient to the Guiding Hand.

What seemed a wreck beyond repair
Stands out symmetrical and fair—
The splendid Fair. We must behold
In all things harmonized, controlled,
Above what man had willed or planned,
The presence of a Guiding Hand.

We spread our sails, the anchors weigh,
Put out to sea our own wild way;
Then comes the storm, waves overwhelm,
Our hand is loosened from the helm—
Lost! Saved! Calm comes! The winds blow
—land—
We had not seen the Guiding Hand.

We will take heart. Though future years
Come clothed in sorrow and tears,
And all for which the poorest prayed
Seems into hopeless rain laid,
Swift to protect, strong to command,
Aides that shield, Guiding Hand.

We will lay down our anxious care,
For life is like an answered prayer,
The days spring up in beauty drest,
The night fold round with robes of rest
To feel always on sea or land
The presence of the Guiding Hand.
—Montpelier, Vt.

ACROSS THE WHEAT.

You ask me for the sweetest sound mine ears have
ever heard?
A sweeter than the ripples' plash or trilling of a
bird,
Than tapping of the raindrops upon the roof at
night,
Than the sighing of the pine-trees on yonder mount-
ain's height,
And I tell you, these are tender, yet never quite so
sweet
As the murmur and the cadence of the wind across
the wheat.

Have you watched the golden billows in a sunlit sea
of grain,
Ere yet the reaper bound the sheaves, to fill the
creasing wain?
Have you thought how snow and tempest and the
bitter wintry cold
Were but the guardian angels, the next year's bread
to hold,
A precious thing, unharmed by all the turmoil of the
sky,
Just waiting, growing, silently, until the storm went
by?
Oh! have you lifted up your heart to Him who loves
us all,
And listens, through the angel-sons, if but a spar-
row fall,
And then, thus thinking of His hand, what sym-
phony so sweet
As the music in the long refrain, the wind across the
wheat?

It hath the dulcet echoes, from many a lullaby,
Where the cradled babe is hushed beneath the moth-
er's loving eye.
It hath its heaven-promise, as sure as heaven's
throne,
That He who sent the manna will ever feed His own;
And, though an atom only, 'mid the countless hosts
who share
The Maker's never ceasing watch, the Father's death-
less care,
That atom is as dear to Him as my dear child, for He
cannot lose me from His place, through all eternity.
You wonder when it sings me this there's nothing
half so sweet
Beneath the circling planets, as the wind across the
wheat!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Now I want you to think that in life troubles
will come, which seem as if they never
would pass away. The night and the storm
look as if they would last forever, but the
calm and the morning come and the storm
is over. In the same way, the troubles of
this life are but a passing thing. The effort
of nature, as that of the human heart,
ever is to return to its repose, for God is
Peace. —George MacDonald.

Send me that which Thou knowest is bless-
ing, though it may not seem blessing to me;
and deny me that which Thou knowest is not
blessing, however ready I, in my ignorance,
may be to think it so. That is the spirit of
prayer. When we are praying for blessings,
we ought never to pray for them absolutely,
we ought always to pray for them if they
truly good for us; if not, God in answering
our prayer would not be blessing us indeed.
—A. K. H. Boyd.

The Lord is in His holy place,
In all things new and fair,
Shaking of the earth like He,
And glory of the star;
And secret of the April rain,
That stirs the buds to wake,
Where little tabernacles rise
To hold Him through the hours.
He hides Himself within the love
Of those who love the best;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
Are sharpest by Him pointed.
He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherds every thought;
We find Him not by seeking long,
We lose Him not by losing.
—William C. Gannett.

I have seen a branch tied to a bleeding tree
for the purpose of being engrained into its
wounded body, and that both might be
one. Yet no incorporation had followed;
there was no living union. Spring came sing-
ing, and with her fingers opened all the buds;
and summer came with her dewy nights and
sunny days, and brought out all the flowers;
and brown autumn came to shake the trees
and reap the fields, and with dances and mirth
to hold the "harvest home;" but that un-
happy branch bore no fruit, nor flower, nor
even leaf. Just held on by dead clay and
rotting cords, it stuck to the living tree, a
withered and unsightly thing. So also is it
with many who have a "name to live and are
dead." —Thomas Guthrie.

If a man has a statue decayed by rust and
age, and mutilated in many of its parts, he
breaks it up and casts it into a furnace, and
after melting it receives it again in more
beautiful form. As thus the dissolving in the
furnace was not a destruction, but a renewing
of the statue, so the death of our bodies is
not a destruction, but a renovation. When,
therefore, you see as in a furnace our flesh

flowing away to corruption, dwell not on that
sight, but wait for the recasting. And ad-
vance in your thoughts to a still higher
point—for the statue casting into the fur-
nace is a burning image, but makes a new one
again. God does not thus; but casting in a
mortal body formed of clay, He returns you an
immortal statue of gold. —Saint Chrysos-
tom.

The soul has caught a new idea of God's
love when it has not only been fed, but rescued
by Him. The sheep has a new conception of
his shepherd's care when he has not merely
been made "to lie down in green pastures,"
but also has heard the voice of Him who had
left the ninety-and-nine in the wilderness and
gone after that which had wandered astray
until He found it. The weakness of our own
nature and the strength of that on which we
rely; danger, and its correlative, duty; truth-
fulness, and its great privilege, trust—come
in together, and are the new life of the soul,
the active power in its restored peace. —Phillips
Brooks.

Many a waiting hour was needful to enrich
the harp of David, and many a waiting hour
in the wilderness will gather for us a psalm of
"thanksgiving, and the voice of melody," to
cheer the hearts of fainting ones here below,
and to make glad our Father's house on high.
What was the preparation of the son of Jesse
for the songs like unto which none have ever
sounded on this earth? The outrage of the
wicked, which brought forth cries for God's
help. Then the faint hope in God's goodness
blossomed into a song of rejoicing for His
mighty deliverance and manifold mercies.
Every sorrow was another string to his harp;
every deliverance another theme for praise.
One thrill of anguish spared, one blessing un-
marked or unprized, one difficulty or danger
evaded, how great would have been our loss in
that thrilling Psalmody in which God's people
to-day find the expression of their grief or
praise! To wait for God, and to suffer His
will, is to know Him in the fellowship of His
sufferings, and to be conformed to the likeness
of His Son. So now, if the vessel is to be en-
riched for spiritual understanding, he not
affrighted at the wider sphere of suffering that
awaits you. The divine capacity of
sympathy will have a more extended sphere;
for the breathing of the Holy Ghost in the
new creation never made a stolid, but left
the heart's affection tender and true. —Anna
Shipton.

[ZION'S HERALD Prize Stories.]

JOHN RAND'S FIRST CIRCUIT.

BY MRS. MARY AGNES OSGOOD.

"JOHN RAND has thrown himself away,"
was the common remark among his
friends, when they heard that the young man
in question, instead of joining his home con-
ference, had gone to the western part of Kan-
sas and been appointed on a circuit. In vain
had been their remonstrances, and if they
had known why he stood so firm in his pur-
pose, they would not have tried to dissuade
him. But John Rand kept his own counsel;
it was too sacred a memory to him, that last
conversation with his mother, to be given to
even his best friends. His father had died ten
years before, and he and his mother had been
all in all to each other ever since. Left with
sufficient means, she had sent her son to col-
lege and theological school, though the separa-
tion had been a great trial at first. His vaca-
tions were always spent at home, and it was
in the middle of his second year as a theo-
logian that she spoke to him these words, that
were to shape his future career:—

"My boy, I know you are doing your best
in preparation for the ministry, and I want
you to have the best place to preach in when
you are through school. But, John, I don't
count the best place to be the largest, but the
one where the Lord most needs you. The
choice will come to you, I know, and then
I want you to remember that the direction in
which the call is most pressing is the one for
you to choose."

Then he had told her how she should help
him select when that time came, and playfully
jested with her about accompanying him on a
missionary tour to the Fiji Islands, little
thinking that never again would he receive a
welcome home from her; for shortly after
his return to the University, she passed away
in his sleep. John Rand bore the blow as
only a Christian can, and silently vowed that
his mother's words should be an inspiration
for his future life-work. And this was why,
when the call came for workers on the fron-
tier, that he gave up the prospect of rising in
his profession at home and went where the
need was greatest.

Thus he finally found himself settled in a
belt of mining country, with two preaching
stations twenty miles apart. He was located
at Carlin, which, though the larger of the two,
was but a small place, the chief occupa-
tion being coal mining, in which nearly all
the men were engaged. Miles from any rail-
way, without a church or a preacher, Carlin
was indeed missionary ground, and the man
who should go there would have to be sup-
ported entirely by the Home Mission fund of
the Methodist Church. His inheritance was
sufficiently large to allow John Rand to refuse
such assistance, thus enabling the secretary
to help some other struggling station.

Hard, uphill work it was at Carlin. The
other small place on the circuit gave some
encouragement, but here the powers of evil
seemed arrayed against "Parson Rand," as
the miners sneeringly called him. He began
by trying to gather the children into a Sun-
day-school, hiring a room over the largest
grocery store. He started with five children,
and gradually their number increased to fif-
teen, where it stopped. He also instituted a
preaching service every Sunday afternoon,
which was attended by a few women, in
whose hearts his earnest appeals and comfort-
ing words seemed to touch some chord long
silent. Not a man came, however, till one
afternoon a burly miner entered, took his
place directly in front of the preacher, and
sat quietly until the text was announced:

"God commendeth His love toward us, in
that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died
for us," when he arose, shook his fist at the
Bible, and said: "It's all a — lie!" John
Rand looked him squarely in the face, and
said: "My friend, I would gladly have you
remain, but I cannot have my Master's mes-
sage insulted." A storm of blasphemy fol-
lowed, in the midst of which the preacher,
strong both in muscle and righteous indigna-
tion, came forward and put the swearer out
by main force, despite his struggles, returning
to calmly tell the frightened women the story
of Jesus' love.

The young man sorrowed over this incident
at first, thinking that any hope of reaching
the miners was entirely destroyed; but it
proved otherwise. The man who interrupted
the meeting had gone on a wager, having
boasted that he could "break up that Metho-
dist nonsense." He was a coarse bully, and
when his comrades saw him ejected in such a

decided manner, they were not sorry, and a
feeling of respect began to spring up among
them for the manliness, if not for the religion,
of the young minister, though they were far
from being ready to go to the meetings.

Some of his time John spent in going from
house to house, and often he went down into
the mine. Though at first he met with a cool
reception, the men could not always resist his
courteous manner and his interested question-
ings, so they grew more ready to converse
with him about their work and similar mat-
ters; but the moment he brought Christ into
the talk they would sowl and mutter some-
thing about "pious cant."

He had been doing his best for nearly eight
months with these meagre results, and was
feeling almost discouraged as he awoke one
Thursday morning in April, and looked list-
lessly around his room. A spirit of desponden-
cy seemed to take possession of him, and he
felt as though his life was being thrown away,
as his friends had told him. Into this unusual
mood came a dull, heavy sound from outside,
which shook the walls of the house and rattled
the windows. John sprang out of bed, dressed
himself, and hurried into the street. Men,
women and children were flocking toward the
entrance to the shaft, and John ran, too.
"What's the trouble, Anderson?" he asked
one of the miners.

"Didn't ye hear the noise, parson? 'Twas
the mine, and we don't know how many is
below yonder. Our second boss and a gang o'
men went down on night work, and just afore
it was time for 'em to come up we heard the
noise. As near as we can guess, some supports
in the north gallery must have given way and
the top fell in on 'em, but then we don't
know, so we're going down the shaft to see;"
and he hurried on.

A group of women and children, whose
husbands and fathers were below, stood cry-
ing around the opening, as a dozen of the
most skillful miners went down to learn, if
they could, the cause of the explosion. A few
moments of suspense, and then the cage came
up with one man, the "first boss," as they
called him, in it.

"Men," said he to the anxious group who
crowded round for news, "there's work ahead.
I've got the lay of the mine pretty well in
my head, and from the looks of things there's
been a cave-in near where the boys was work-
in'. Mayhap they cut the supports too close
so the top come down, and mayhap the ven-
tilator went back on 'em and the fire-damp got
in and exploded, but anyhow there's a heap o'
coal to be cut through to get at 'em, dead or
alive, and we'd best be at it."

Even a small hope is better than none, and
when one can be doing something to help,
he hopes somehow brighter; so the white faces
grew a shade less pale as the men were divid-
ed into three sets, who were to take turns at
the work of cutting away the coal to make a
passage through. Hour after hour the work
went on. John Rand did his best to comfort
the poor wives, and took charge of the hoist-
ing engine, in order that every man might be
made available in the mine. It was Thursday
morning had come and they were get-
ting near where the buried men must have
been at work. The tired miners came up to
be relieved, and the fresh set were about going
down, when the boss spoke:—

"Boys, the men who go now must take
their lives in their hands. There isn't more
than a foot of coal, as I reckon it, between us
and the others, but we haven't heard no sound
from 'em. Seems to me they'd have struck a
blow or two if they'd been alive, so I'm afear
the fire-damp has exploded and killed 'em. If
that's so, you know the gas it leaves behind
will choke a body in a minute, and the one
that cuts through the last foot is a dead man.
It's an uncertainty, but I don't want no man
to risk himself without knowin' what's likely
to happen, and I'll take only one with me.
Who'll go?"

Half a dozen started, for a man will some-
times risk his life for his friends, even among
the roughest, but John Rand was ahead of
them. "Mr. Thomson," said he, addressing
the boss, "let me go. I've watched you at
your work, and surely I know how to cut an
opening through the coal large enough to
learn whether your fears are true. There's a
chance that the men below are still living,
and the chance must be taken, small as it is.
But there's another reason, men. There's a
God in heaven, and you're not ready to meet
Him, whose name you daily take in vain. I
can't see you die, any one of you, and go to
judgment unprepared; but through God's
mercy my sins are pardoned, and if I die, I go
home to my Father. Men, I'm going down
alone."

As the solemn voice of the young man
ceased, they looked at each other with con-
vulsed faces. It was as he said—they were
not ready to meet God, and they shrank back
with a strange feeling of fear in their hearts.
They helped him make ready, gave him the
sharpest picks, and crowded round to shake
his hand before he went, as they believed, to
certain death. Then, standing at the mouth
of the shaft, he prayed aloud, and the rough
men uncovered their heads as they listened.
And such a prayer! He asked that, if possible,
their fears might not be realized, that the lives
of their friends and his own life might be
saved; but if not, that God would have mercy
on the dead and the living. "O my Father,"
he prayed, "comfort the sorrowing wives and
children! Bless these who are left, bring
them to Thyself, and grant that we may sit
down together in Thy upper and better king-
dom, for Christ's sake!"

So with a prayer for them on his lips and a
look of noble resolve in his eyes, he gave the
signal to be lowered, and John Rand, in the
strength and vigor of his young manhood,
went down out of their sight into the mine.

Alone with God, four hundred feet below
the surface of the earth, risking life for those
who had not even shown him friendship, he
stood before the coal wall, where the boss had
marked a large white cross to show where the
cut should be made. Without a moment's
hesitation, he struck the pick into the coal.
Above, they waited breathlessly, their eyes
fixed upon the cord which he was to pull if all
was well.

"It's time he was through, boys," said one
in a low voice.

"Yes, but he isn't used to it, so 'twill take
him longer," answered another.

"Praps it's more than a foot," said a third;
but the minutes went by till hope died out of
their hearts. Yet see! the cord lightened a
little! "He's alive!" they shouted, and down
came the cage with all the men it can carry.

There lies John Rand, exhausted with the un-
accustomed toil, yet smiling faintly as he
points to the opening in the wall. Yes, there
are their comrades, alive, though almost suf-
focating from lack of air, and too feeble to
speak. A few hours more, and it would have
been too late; but now, thank God! they are
saved. Quick! Cut away the barrier, up with
them into God's pure air and sunlight, and
carry them to their homes! Help the young
preacher, too weary to care for their thanks
and blessings, yet happy in the thought that
he has found a way to their hearts.

It took but a few hours for John Rand to
regain his strength, and on the next day, the
Sabbath he had thought to spend in heaven,
he stood in his accustomed place to speak.
But now the room was filled to overflowing
with men and women, who listened respect-
fully to his words as he told of Christ's com-
ing down to earth, dying that we might live;
and when at the close he asked, as was his
 wont, if any were ready to enter the Lord's
service, one of the leaders among the miners
rose and said:—

"Preacher, I'm ready. Lads, I stood and
saw this man go down to what we thought
was sure death, and he didn't tremble. He
cared enough for our souls to die rather than
have us risk eternal judgment. 'Pears to me
that's sumblin' like the Lord as he's been
tellin' us of this afternoon; and if the Lord
does that for me, I'm ready to go over on His
side and stick by Him. I've seen plenty o'
cant in my day, and I've made fun of our par-
son, as you all know, but I'm free to say that
I want somethin' to hold on to that'll help me
meet death as he was ready to. I've been a
wicked sinner, and may the Lord forgive me
and make me a better man!"

Others joined him in his resolve, and a cloud
of mercy broke above the settlement. There
was plenty of hard work yet to be done, but
never again did John Rand lose his courage.
The end of his three years' service found a
church well established in the village, and to
this day, though pastor of a large society in
Kansas Conference, he has a tender place in
his heart for his first station at the little town
of Carlin.

THE WINDS OF HEAVEN.

Throw open wide the casement of thy soul,
And let the winds of heaven blow fresh within,
And when away up their mighty wings
The stifling breath of self, the dust of sin.

Wait thou, and feel these fragrant winds of truth;
They bring rare tokens of that world, by these
Too little known; they drop great hints of space,
So stirring ever larger sympathy.

O, watch their coming! From each precious waft,
Thou fuller life and higher strength shalt win;
So open wide the casement of thy soul,
And let the winds of heaven blow fresh within.
—Churcman.

THE DARK CHAMBER.

THERE is in every heart a dark chamber.
O brethren, there are very, very few
of us that dare tell all our thoughts and
show our inmost selves to our dearest ones!
The most lively lake that lies sleeping amid
beauty, itself the very fairest spot of all,
and when drained off shows ugly ooze; and filthy
mud and all manner of creeping abominations
in the slime. I wonder what we would see
if our hearts were, so to speak, drained
off, and the very bottom layer of everything
brought into the light. Do you think you
would stand it? Well, then, go to God, and
ask Him to keep you from unconscious sins.
Go to Him, and ask Him to root out of you
the mischiefs that you do not know are there,
and live humbly and self-distrustfully, and
feel that your only strength is, "Hold Thou
me up, and I shall be saved." Hast thou
seen what they do in the dark?

By our memory, and by that marvelous
faculty that people call the imagination, and
for our desires, we are forever painting the
walls of the inmost chambers of our hearts
with pictures. That is an awful power which
we possess, and alas! too often use for foul
idolatry.
I do not dwell upon that, but I wish to
drop one very earnest and beseeching en-
treaty, especially to the young members of
my congregation now. You, young men
and women, especially you young men, mind
what you paint upon those mystic walls! Foul
things—as my text says, "creeping things
and abominable beasts"—only too many
of you are tracing there. Take care,
for these figures are indelible; no repent-
ance will obliterate them. I do not care
whether even heaven can blot them out.
What you love, what you desire, what you
think about, you are photographing on the
walls of your immortal soul. And just as to-
morrow, years of years after the artists
have been gathered to the dust, we may go
into Egyptian temples and see the figures on
their walls in all the freshness of their first
coloring, as if the painter had but laid down
the pencil a moment ago, so on your hearts
you will see, the sins of your boyhood, the
prureries of your earliest days, may live in
ugly shapes, that no tears and no repentance
will ever wipe out. Nothing can do away
with "the marks of that which once had
been." What are you painting on the cham-
bers of imagery in your hearts? Obscenity,
foul things, mean things, low things? Is
that mystic shrine within you painted with
such figures as were laid bare in some cham-
bers in Pompeii, where the excavators had to
cover up the pictures because they were so
gross? Is it like the cells in the convent of
San Marco, at Florence, where Fra Angelico's
holy and sweet genius has left on the bare
walls to be looked at, as he fancied, only by
one devout brother in each cell, angel imagi-
nations and noble, pure, celestial faces that calm
and hallow those who gaze upon them? What
are you doing, my brother, in the dark. In
your chambers of imagery? —Alexander Mc-
Laren, D. D.

ABOUT MEN.

—Phineas T. Barnum's activity and energy at
this period of his life are surprising even to the
people who know him best. He is now in the 80th
year of his age, was the editor of a paper sixty years ago,
and is yet full of noble ideas. During his long career
as a showman Barnum has always taken good care of
his health.

—On Sundays, when on the imperial yacht, Kaiser
William officiates himself, the crew is drawn up on
the quarter deck, and in front of a provisional altar,
covered with the war ensign of the German navy, the
Kaiser reads, in a loud voice, a sermon, and concludes
the service with some Collects and the Lord's Prayer.

—General Greely, of Arctic and Weather Bureau
fame, may be seen almost any fine day walking
through Lafayette Park, Washington, with his wife
and two little daughters. He is a very tall man,
which is just as well, for his wife is taller than he.
The average run of women, and they make a striking-
looking pair. General Greely is well built, with a
large head and delicately cut though strong features.
His dark hair and beard are streaked with gray, but
exposure and privation were the cause, and not old
age. General Greely has just bought a fine house
near the White House and a summer place at Sorren-
to, opposite Bar Harbor.

—According to the *Dojernik*, a paper published at
Saratieff, Russia, there is living there a man who is one
hundred and forty years old. His name is Daniel

Samoloff, and he was born at Saratieff in 1749. He
acted as adjutant to Field Marshal Pugatcheff, and
took part in the storming of Krasn and Simbirsk, and
in the bombardment of Samara. He was arrested
with Pugatcheff and brought back to Simbirsk, where
he was subjected to 180 blows with the knout, and
condemned to hard labor for life in the Siberian mines.
After thirty-eight years' banishment and hard labor
Samoloff was permitted to return to his native city.
Despite the hardships of his exile he still retains his
facilities.

—The brothers Edward and G. O. Eggleston are
much together and both talk well. Edward Eggleston
is a big outdoors looking man, with shaggy eye-
brows, a great shock of gray hair and a thick gray
beard. His long forehead is unobscured and his
whole dress is somewhat careless. He looks indeed,
not unlike the prophet in his own novel, "The End of
the World." He talks in a deep bass voice and looks
hard at the listener through a pair of dark sunken
eyes. George Carey is smaller, younger and more
alert. His talk is of books and men, especially men,
and he details many curious and interesting inside
facts about conspicuous men and events here and else-
where. He dines much at the Reform Club, and
usually sits in the café amid a ring of listeners for an
hour after dinner.

KEEP UP THE CIRCULATION.

GOD'S grace flows into our souls as we let
it flow on to others; and when we cut
off the overflow, our own conduits become
foul and clogged. He who is always giving
himself away, will ever have a renewed life.
Grace will do for his spiritual life what the
agency of the body do for it in replacing the
wastes. That body is dead which has ceased
to give itself out to make room for receiving
new elements. And this is the philosophy of
spiritual life. The miracle by which empty
souls about us are to be filled with good, is
made dependent on the obedience of Christ's
servants, and without obedience He can work
no miracles for us; for without our co-operation
any miracle in our behalf would be our
curse. The first question is, "Where shall
we begin?" Where would a robin or a sparrow
begin in the work of filling emptiness but
in their own nests? The empty, gaping mouths
are filled before sunrise. What have we done
to fill the empty souls of our own households?
Has a word or a prayer been dropped into
them? —The Presbyterian.

The Little Folks.

ONLY A DOG, BUT A HERO.

"YES, boys, Romeo deserves to live in
history, as he certainly will in the
hearts of at least one family in Johnston."
"Why? Who is Romeo? Oh, tell us about
it. Don't wait a fellow's curiosity so sharp,"
cried Fred, who, being his uncle's namesake,
had special privileges.

Uncle Fred had just returned from the Con-
emaugh valley, "bringing stories enough to
tell for a year," Frank said.

"Only they all make me cry," wailed
Mamie.

"That's because you're a girl," explained
little Bert, the smallest, and in his own opin-
ion the bravest of the family.

"Now, Uncle Fred, begin," whispered
Mamie, laying her head over on her uncle's
army shoulder.
"Well, one night about six o'clock, I was
walking down Main Street looking for a sup-
per, and a supper wasn't easy to find, even
when you had money to pay for it. I noticed
a crowd of men and women in the next block,
and when I reached them, I saw the attraction
was a beautiful water spaniel. 'Come here,
Romeo, my noble old dog,' said one woman."

"If it isn't a dog story!" exclaimed Fred,
in parenthesis.
"Yes, Romeo is a dog," replied Uncle Fred,
"but he bore his honors in a way to shame
some men, who, more by accident than by
choice, have become famous. Another woman
said with a sigh, 'Ah, Romeo, it's a pity John-
stown hadn't more such as you; there wouldn't
be so many people dead here now.'"

I soon learned what was meant. When the
South Fork Reservoir gave way, and the
flood came upon the town, Mrs. Kress, Romeo's
mistress, fled to her sister's house, taking
Romeo with her. Still the waters came sweep-
ing down, rushing right through the parlors,
and driving them all upstairs; then rising to
the ceiling and upper floors, so they soon had
to go out upon the roof.
"Suddenly a big wave rushed over them,
carrying Mrs. Kress swiftly away down the
current, and, as she disappeared, Romeo
plunged in. When her dress came to the sur-
face he grasped it in his teeth, and pushed her
toward a small frame house, which still resist-
ed the waters. His noble effort proved suc-
cessful, and his mistress, dragged on the light
frame, felt quite secure; but it was only for a
moment. Another wave of the widening,
deepening current struck the water, and his
walls yielded with a crash, and woman and
dog were again upon the flood.
"The noble brute swam by his mistress's
side, keeping her head above water while she
broke up the current. For over half
an hour this battle with the waves went on.
Finally the dog succeeded in bringing his
precious charge to Alma Hall, where she was
taken out of the water, and carried to the roof
for safety. There her strength failed and she
fainted. Then for the first time Romeo
spoke, as Bert here would say. He howled
his mistress dead. He howled frantically,
and nothing comforted him until she opened her
eyes and put out her hand to him. Then he
lay down by her side and went to sleep."

"He must have been a tired doggy," said
Mamie.
"That's so!" said Frank. "Swimming is
hard work." Frank was just taking his first
lessons in swimming.
Romeo never gets the whole of a story till
she gets the moral. And Fred's interest was
evident.

"You boys need to get the moral," an-
swered Uncle Fred. "I mean, Mamie, that
Romeo didn't get proud by being praised.
He looked very happy, and it's all right to en-
joy being appreciated, but he didn't swagger,
and try to boss the other dogs." Frank
noded Bert, who changed the drift of the
story by wondering if Romeo got any of the
things sent to the Johnston sufferers.
"All agreed that he deserved lasting fame,
for loyalty, faithfulness, presence of mind and
modesty, though he was 'only a dog.'"
—Union Signal.

WAIT.

I stand at his fence and call over a poor
neighbor.

"Would you like some grapes?"

Review of the Week.

Tuesday, August 6.

— Lord Tennyson is eighty years old to-day.

— Emperor William reviewed the British fleet.

— The strike in the Connellville region is spreading; 12,000 out of 14,000 men are idle.

— Martin Burke, the Cronin assassin, arrived from Manila in charge of officers, and is lodged in jail.

— The people of Washington Territory will vote on the question of constitutional prohibition as a separate proposition.

— A family of five persons near Mitchell, Ind., on Sunday were blown from a wagon into a creek and all were drowned.

— The entire business portion of the city of Spokane Falls, Washington Territory, was burned Sunday night. The estimated loss is from six to fourteen millions.

— Postmaster-General Wainman writes to President Green of the Western Union Telegraph Company, taking exception to several statements made by him relative to Western Union rates and the benefits conferred upon that company by the government.

Wednesday, August 7.

— Commodore Walker highly praises the new war ships.

— Denmark will be the future seat of government of North Dakota.

— The insurance is spreading in Crete. Greece asks the powers to intervene to restore order.

— The British men-of-war "Black Prince" and "Invincible" came into collision off Spithead.

— A party of Japanese arrived at San Francisco to study the legislative system of the United States.

— Enough Sioux signed the treaty to open the reservation to settlement, to make the document effective.

— The London Times says there was no justification for the high-handed seizure of the "Black Diamond."

— Gen. Grenfell is returning to Cairo, and the campaign is over. A body of Egyptians were left at Sarras.

— The Royal Yacht Club gave a banquet to Emperor William, Prince Henry of Prussia and the Prince of Wales.

— The Haytian war has degenerated into a murderous campaign, and is beginning to look like a war of extermination.

— Documents proving widespread treason among high officials in Egypt have been found in Wadi-Nijm's camp.

— The losses at Spokane Falls by Sunday's fire amount to \$10,000,000; active steps are being taken to rebuild the city with brick and stone.

— Official returns of the elections for members of the council general in France show that 919 republicans and 490 conservatives were elected.

— Cardinal William Massaia died in Naples. He was born in 1809, and was created a cardinal in 1884. He was noted for his missionary work in Africa.

— Despatches from Abyssinia say that Massala and the whole of Abyssinia, excepting the province of Tigre, have submitted to King Menelik, who will be crowned in September.

Thursday, August 8.

— Professor Mahaffy lectured at Chautauqua.

— An effort will be made to induce Swedish immigrants to settle in Vermont.

— The great strike in the Pennsylvania coke region was made general yesterday.

— J. F. Colton, a lawyer of Minneapolis, was arrested for forgery amounting to over \$200,000.

— Mrs. Maybrick has been convicted in London of poisoning her husband and sentenced to death.

— Messrs. Brown, Steese & Clarke, wool dealers of this city, are reported financially embarrassed.

— The Prince of Wales gave a dinner to Emperor William, afterward the Emperor reviewed the troops at Aldershot.

— The latest news from Hayti is that Ellipote was repelled in an attack on Port au Prince and his army forced to retreat.

— The boiler of a pleasure yacht, a saphira launch, exploded yesterday at Buffalo, killing four persons and wounding three others.

— Rev. W. W. Winchester, who had just been appointed by the government as Superintendent of Education in Alaska, died suddenly of heart disease on Monday in Williamsstown.

— The steamship "Montreal," of the Dominion Line, which sailed from Montreal July 31 for Liverpool, is totally wrecked on Belle Isle. The passengers and all hands were saved.

— Rhea S. Allen, president of the Forty-second Street and Grand Street Ferry Railroad Company, New York city, was arrested for issuing bogus certificates of stock to the amount of about \$125,000; he confessed his crime.

— All the arrangements for the reception and entertainment of President Harrison in Boston were successfully carried out yesterday. The day was bright and pleasant, and the President saw Boston under the best possible circumstances.

Friday, August 9.

— The Porte has decided to proclaim a state of siege in Crete.

— Hon. Jonathan Bourne, of New Bedford, died Wednesday night.

— President Harrison arrived at Bar Harbor. Orations all along the route from Boston.

— Mr. Gideon F. Brown, of the firm of Brown, Steese & Clarke, is still absent from Boston.

— The coke strike is settled and the men have won on the 80 cents per hundred bushel rate.

— Emperor William left Osborne in his yacht of Dover, where he will proceed to Antwerp.

— R. B. F. Pearce of Indianapolis was appointed receiver of the Indianapolis, Decatur & Western railroad.

— The third year of the voluntary method in religion at Harvard seems to assure the permanence of the system.

— Salem had a threatening fire late last night. Five wooden manufacturing buildings were involved. The loss is probably \$40,000.

— A careful survey of Ireland indicates that the harvests will be more abundant and of better quality than for many years.

— The New Hampshire House of Representatives yesterday showed a majority of eleven in favor of the liquor license bill.

— The New Hampshire Senate yesterday postponed a bill prohibiting the union of the Concord and the Boston & Maine railroads for the next ten years.

— The trial of General Boulanger was begun in Paris. He is charged, among other things, with having had his portrait taken "as Cromwell, the Protector."

— Ferdinand W. Hoefe, a partner of E. B. Allen of New York, whose forgeries were announced yesterday, was arrested last evening, charged with complicity in Allen's issue of forged street railway stock.

— President Norvin Green, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, is out in a reply to Postmaster-General Wainman's letter. Mr. Green reiterates his former assertion in regard to the favorable rates given to the Government, and declares that the Government owes more to the Western Union than that company owes to the Government for past favors.

Saturday, August 10.

— Splendid wheat crops in Minnesota and the Dakotas are reported.

— An epidemic of typhoid fever is raging in Chicago due to the bad condition of the water.

— The sailors of the German squadron were reviewed by the Queen in the grounds of Osborne.

— The Imperial authorities at London have held numerous conferences over the Behring Sea seizures.

— The total attachments upon the Riverside & Oswego mills property aggregate almost \$750,000, this far.

— Two men were killed and 17 wounded, two of them fatally, by an explosion of natural gas at Pittsburgh.

— W. K. Perry, an assassin, had a terrible fall at Mount Holly, N. C., Thursday evening, and was probably fatally hurt.

— The Legation government paid \$7,500 as compensation for the seizure of the American steamer "Osama."

— An armed attempt was made at Honolulu, Hawaii, to overthrow the government. The rebels surrendered after severe fighting.

— A despatch from Zanzibar says that Stanley is coming down the coast with Emin Pasha, 9,000 men and an enormous quantity of ivory. The exact date of their arrival is uncertain.

— The failure of the house of Brown, Steese & Clarke, wool dealers, was followed by the announcement of the assignment of George W. Hollis, president of the Hollis Dressed Meat & Wool Company, who had endorsed their paper.

Monday, August 12.

— The Moody Conference meetings at Northfield closed on Sunday.

— The charges against Gen. Boulanger will be discussed in secret committee.

— The North German Gazette thinks that Emperor William's visit has created fresh guarantees of peace.

— A monument to General Lyon, the first General to be killed in the late war, was dedicated at Eastford, Conn., on Saturday.

— Drought in Mexico has caused heavy loss of cattle; the scheme for immigration of negroes from the United States receives no encouragement.

— The petitions on behalf of Mrs. Maybrick are assuming immense proportions, being also circulated through the dissenting churches in Liverpool.

— The menaces of Sitting Bull, to prevent the signing of the treaty disposing of the Sioux reservation, drove a Harvard student insane. He was acting as a clerk to the commission.

— The Cretan Commission, which is treating with Riza Pasha, the governor of the island, demands a reduction of taxation, financial autonomy, reform of the law courts and a distribution of the public offices among Christians and Moslems, according to their respective numbers.

— The London Times says there was no justification for the high-handed seizure of the "Black Diamond."

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ZION'S HERALD, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1889.

pastor, Rev. S. Bickmore, and is doing good work.

— Rev. C. S. Cummings is very popular with the church here. There is a lively interest in all matters connected with the church. The Sunday-school, in charge of Supt. H. C. Day, is increasing in interest and attendance. The average attendance is a little less than 200. One hundred dollars' worth of books have been added to the library. Several persons of late have said, "Pray for me." The pastor's claim was fixed at \$1,400, an advance of \$200 over last year.

— Rev. E. H. Hadlock, the pastor of this church, was united in marriage, June 20, to Miss Bertie M. Kingsbury, of Bradford, Me. On the return of Mr. and Mrs. Hadlock to their charge a reception was given them in the vestry of the church, and they were presented with an elegant silver service, two napkin rings and a sum of money. We extend congratulations.

— A large number of people are summering at the camp-ground. Services have been held each Sunday, with a prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening and a class-meeting on Friday. Pastor Palmer is doing grand good work, and is looking for lasting results. The ladies on the grounds and in the vicinity have formed a "Lend a Hand" society; it is well attended, and will help out on the pastor's claim. The pastor, Rev. C. Pike, of Amesbury, Mass., Rev. W. Wiggins, of Seabrook, Rev. J. H. W. Wainwright, of Thomaston, Rev. J. R. Baker, of Rockland, and Rev. Geo. D. Lindsay, of Bangor, are to supply the camp-ground pulpit during the summer.

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ZION'S HERALD, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1889.

they look like our deciduous ones. The missionaries' tents are all on the one side of this road, with the tents and enclosure for the school girls; while the tents and huts of the native families and the school boys are on the other side of the road. Centrally between these two sections is an immense awning spread, under which about two thousand people can sit—on the ground, never in chairs. Straw is first spread down over this space; then, above that, native carpeting and mats. The American missionaries bring their own chairs, while a few natives on the outskirts of the congregation may occupy benches.

An audience of this kind presents a unique appearance. Glance at it: The white turbans and jaunty students' caps worn by the men and boys through the service, all sitting on the left of the open space for an aisle, present a picturesque and varied scene, in contrast with the dark brown expressive faces and bright black eyes of the wearers. At the right sit the school girls and native women, compactly, as people on benches cannot sit, all of them covering the head morning and evening with a coarse, dark red and black, thin calico quilt of native make, or in the middle of the day with white Chuddars. There are bright faces, full of meaning and hope, as Christianity has come to them bearing its burden of help to woman. On the contrast between these Christian women and girls, and those still in the old beliefs! On the outskirts of these Chaudus audiences are files of men, usually Hindus or Mohammedans, standing in respectful attitude listening; some passing coolies with his load on his back or head.

I took a turn down through the camp-meeting cot ages of the families among the mango trees. A little attempt at regularity is made, but mostly one sets up his home where he chooses. A few have cotton tents more or less commodious, but most of the cottages are native and curious. They are about eight or ten feet long, six feet wide, made of a coarse native grass, in thatched structure, their form being like setting a narrow roof down on the ground. The rear end is closed; the front, also, by a blanket, or a movable door of the same kind of grass. Under this primitive covering they spread mats or old carpets, and sleep on them. Their cooking apparatus consists of a small hollow space in the ground, around which, and raised a few inches above the level of the earth, is a horse-shoe shaped ridge of hard, baked mud, six inches across, on which they set thin copper kettles, or flat iron covering for baking their thin loaves of bread.

The District Conference.

This District has 221 members. Of these eight are American missionaries, nineteen native ordained preachers in Conference relations, and forty-seven ordained native preachers. The other 140 members are exhorters, and teachers, though in some instances one man combines both duties. This body of workers all had to be taken through the disciplinary course of examinations, reports and appointments, so that the duties of the body and officers were hardly less than those of an Annual Conference. One specialty in the reports was the amount of collections, looking to self-support. After the work, character, and progress in studies were ascertained, seven were recommended for ordination and four to admittance on trial to the Annual Conference. It has become a rule here to keep a man in the work as a local preacher four years, having him take the course of study prescribed for local preachers, before he can be recommended to the Annual Conference on trial. At this district conference nineteen were granted local preacher's license, and all given work but two, who hold some government office. Sixteen young men were recommended to the theological school at Bareilly. It will be seen from these things that Dr. Parker's duties are not light.